A PAGE FOR WOMEN

Well Dressed Americans.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. Ogden Mills and Mrs. Goelet Exhibit Exquisite Toilets at Paris.

Paris, June 18.—The dressmakers have risen to the occasion offered by the crowds of foreigners in Paris, and it is an open question whether the exposition on the banks of the Seine or the shop windows and show rooms on the boulevards are winning the greater amount of money and attention.

Mrs. Potter Palmer is one of the fair Americans beloved of the Parasian dressmaker, because she is handsome,

Black and White Silk Gown,

belt and two little tabs of tourquis blue, yoke and vest of white. The skirt is laid in pleats, making the stripes run together at top and gradually widen, and are held down by rows of stitching. A smart costume in which Mrs. Ogden Mills was seen at the Hotel Ritz, Paris.

shows off a fine gown to the greatest advantage, has quite faultless taste and never begrudges the price of a lovely creation. She lunched last week in the gardens beside the horticultural houses in a most commendable study in mauve. The goods was lovely etamine, which, though made in abominated and perfidious Albion, is used in a thousand styles by the French conturiers, who can find no other light wool goods one-half so durable, cool and graceful. The skirt of Mrs. Palmer's gown was set off by double rows of cream guipure insertion about the foot, down the front, across the back and in seven bands over the hips. Both yoke and collar of her waist were made of bluette blue panne overlaid with cream guipure, and from the yoke fell gracefully about her shoulders a broad, lace-trimmed collar of etamine.

On top of the lady's lovely silvery hair sat a hat of mauve crin, bound about the crown with one band of black velvet, which seemed to be the stronghold of a pair of very downy plumes of darkling blue that nodded directly in front. White gloves, it was observed, were worn with this. They were fastened at the wrist by two very big dark blue pearl buttons, and stitched, in a tone of blue to match, on either back. When the luncheon was over and the lady rose she unfurled an extremely charming sunshade of blue taffeta, the handle ending in a gilt ramshorn, and all the inside of the silken dome was lined with cream liberty tissue, frilled about with narrow blonde lace, so that it seemed as if a cloud of some fairy texture floated inside the canopy.

That is the way, however, with all the newest parasols. Many of them are lined with accordeon pleated chiffon, silk muslin, and even the finest tulle. This lining does not reach quite to the rib edge of the silk, but is drawn full over the wire supports that run from the ribs out to the stick. Here a lace frill is whipped on, and the result is a misty fullness filling in all the inside of the sunshade when it is open.

Mrs. Ogden Mills In Paris.

Another famously well dressed American woman at the Paris exposition is Mrs. Ogden Mills, who takes her tea every afternoon in the lovely garden of that choicest little hotel on the Place Vendome. Mrs. Mills wore, the other afternoon, an enchanting little suit of black and white striped silk, the skirt so tucked that all the black stripes converged at the waist line. Over these tucks ran scallops of stitching done in black, and the waist opened broadly upon the shoulder and bust to display a yoke and vest of white embroidered silk. Tabs of turquoise blue velvet depended from the front of the yoke, where a scarf of black chiffon knotted upon the bust and a wide girdle of blue belted her slender waist.

A big blue hat, bearing four stately black plumes, decked the fair tea drinker's dark head, and one noticeable point concerning these two gowns was their brevity of train. There is coming, as inevitably as the Campbells, an era of trains in comparison with which all others we have ever worn will seem as tadpole tails beside the tail of a comet. Four feet of goods on the ground is the most recent fiat of the fashion solons, and this first aid to the street sweepers is further extended by a splendid largess of ruffles, making in all a train sometimes a yard flat upon the floor.

At the Ambassador's Dinner.

A radiant vision at one of Ambassador Porter's dinner parties the other evening was Miss Goelet in white chiffon, powdered with tiny silver crescents. Her skirt in front had just the merest quilling of lisse and lace at the foot. At the sides this quilling grew to a full but narrow frill, while out on the edge of her train it broke into a flounce ten inches wide, and full as the gathering thread could draw it, so that as she walked a wide wake of foamy white curled about her Louis Quinz heels, greatly to the admiration of all femininity present.

Not one evening dress in hundreds is made without sleeves, and all sleeves, whether a casing of lace or a whiff of tulle bandaged about the arm, come to the elbow. While, however, these sleeves run far down upon the arm, they encroach not at all on the shoulder. It is a wonder to the uninitiated how the wizard dressmakers hold these arm casings in place at all, but it is done by some mysterious jugglery, for the effort now is to display the whole slope of the shoulder and full width of chest. It is at the moment a

A Simple But Pretty Toilet Seen on the Paris Exposition Grounds.

very pretty fashion for girls in full evening panoply to wear a stock of tulle tied about the neck and a vast cabbage knot of the light fabric massed under one ear.

Two of the newest card cases that one sees in use everywhere are, first, an envelope of suede or silk, or satin. This is cut square, like a letter envelope, with a broad flap folding over in a point or in two rounding flaps, each buttoned down to the case itself by a cabochon stone set in gold or silver. Another is in the conventional card case form, but of the finest finished leather, richly tooled in empire designs. Numbers of women who profess the full skirts, long shoulder line and under sleeves of 1860 and '65, carry old style silver card cases of that day. The mid-century card case was made of silver, elaborately chased, or in a filagree work that for beauty of pattern and durability is hard to duplicate today.

This toilet is made up of an ivory white serge skirt and black corded taffeta coat. This shirt is one of the gay Oriental handkerchief garments and the coquettish little black sailor is wrapped with a white silk scarf dotted in scarlet.

Pretty Children at the Big Fair.

It does not take long for a beauty-loving woman to detect the charm and sweetness of the juvenile fashions, as displayed by the short-skirted, short-trousered contingent at the fair in this glowing weather. A group of three youngsters on the moving platform the other morning were enjoying their sensations to the fullest extent of their unjaded little minds, and in happy, childish ignorance of the trammels of fine feathers. The eldest girl wore a smartly figured foulard in coral red on a sympathetic creamy ground. A cream white batiste embroidery decked her skirt and waist where an edging was needed, and yoke and sleeves were made of batiste in the same tone, prettily diversified by lines of single beading. A big bow of red spotted foulard ribbon held itself jauntily erect on the front of her cream straw hat, and with her black hose and black and white tie she was as ingratiating a figure of sweet 11 as could be found.

Her little brother, in all the comfortable bravery of crisp French blue linen, stood beside her. He wore dark blue half hose and high buttoned shoes, with uppers of a material that exactly matched his suit. Over his shoulders and back from his chubby hands turned a wide collar and deep cuffs of white linen, embroidered in blue, while a dark blue silk tie and leather belt of the same color matched the ribbons on his cream straw hat.

Gripping one of the wooden staff supports was the little sister of the trio, all in baby white. Tucks and a judiciously temperate use of white embroidery gave her gown just the proper air of elegance, while her white hat bore a couple of white feathers and a decorative knot of ribbon on its high rolled pompadour crown.

Numbers of children seen in the fair grounds wear brown Holland gowns smartly piped in a colored linen, and made after the newly revived empire mode. A sweetly artistic miss, gazing with 10-year-old appreciation at restless residents of the aquarium, wore a pale tan linen suit piped in blue. The girdle of stitched blue linen caught her just under her arms, and her hat was of tan linen, trimmed with stitched blue linen bows. On a day when the mercury touched blood heat mark she looked the coolest and most suitably dressed little woman in the languid and perspiring crown.

RACHEL DUNNING.

ON THE MOVING PLATFORM AT THE EXPOSITION.

Colonel Millard's Surrender.

A Widow Triumphed Where All Other Weapons Failed.

BY STANLEY EDWARDS JOHNSON.

Colonel Millard sat in his tent, reading the mail, which had just been brought by the post boy. The sun, which scorches Texas during August afternoons, had no effect on him. He was cool on all occasions, as far as had been tested, for he had never smelt gunpowder in earnest. Still, there was no doubt that he was a soldier, and he now had one of the best posts in the country, that fancy garrison, at San Anton, Tex.

About a stone's throw from his tent a young man was introducing a young woman to her first game of tennis. The ground was shaded by the colonel's residence; but the game was languid, and an expert would have known that the interest was not there. Finally the game was given up and a waiter came with some iced lemonade, which was placed on a table in an arbor adjoining the tennis court. When the refreshments had been tasted the pair walked to the garden, still further from the colonel's tent, their racquets still swinging in their hands.

The soldierly dignity of the young man, and the natural and easy grace of the young woman, would have paused the glance of any one who chanced to see them. The man was military, even while at leisure; and as he walked his arms and fingers remained at rest, with that ease and naturelness which the novice can not imitate without looking awkward. The girl held her head stylishly erect, and when she looked downward she moved her eyes and not her head. She was doing so now with her chin turned a little away from her companion.

"I am sorry for the way papa feels," she said. "But it really makes no difference in the main case—the fact that I love you and you love me. My mother was a Haworth, the Albany Haworths, and we have never been known to show the white feather. My great-grandfather—I was never ashamed to tell it—was a loyalist in the time of the revolution, and, strangely enough, he was allowed to live and die so, and his death did not take place until after Washington's second term as president. My father, the colonel, and you, my Harold, will probably talk no more than military usage demands, after last night. It gives the garrison something to talk about, I suppose. I can imagine them saying: 'The colonel has at last met a foe, and in his own household—his daughter.' But I shall do just as my Grandfather Haworth would. I shall bear myself in time so that he will be convinced that no amount of petty irritation will move me. You do not know Colonel Millard as well as I do. But now we are betrothed, I am certain we are to tread on no pathway strewn with flowers. Only one thing, I know, you will find me staunch to the last moment."

She spoke her words with a fine deliberation and in a manner almost unfeeling, it might seem to the listener, unless he could see the flash of her beautiful, fluctuating grey eyes. For the eyes tell the story of the soul better than the words the mouth utters. Miss Millard was known in the garrison for what she really was. There may have been some doubts about many members of the choice society which gathered about the cosy piazzas of the garrison residences or walked and grouped themselves about its trim lawns or promenaded about the parade ground. The garrison was the upper crust of San Anton, but it was an impenetrable crust, and the people of the city itself never succeeded in entering the charmed circle. They spoke of the officers in the drive whist parties in San Anton as a lot of snobs, whose sole task in life was to wear uniforms and feed on the government. They longed for a war, for they felt it would soon sweep these annoying persons out of existence. But no one ever made such comments of Miss Millard. They saw her riding almost daily about the streets, and her fine seat and queenly manner was their sole basis of judgment. It was sufficient, however, and they were right, for the elements of noble character rang true in Miss Millard.

"I love to hear you talk so, Bessie, although I should be the last one to encourage rebellion against my superior," Lieutenant Harris said. "I want no greater happiness than to know that I have your love and your promise. We will trust our stars and wait. The colonel's objections, as he gives them, you say, are that you are too young to know your own mind. That might be true of some, but you were ripe in judgment, I'll venture to say, at the age of 10. But there's something back of this, which I know, and he knows, but honor forbids either of us telling. That is the real reason, Bessie. While it is not a question of honor between your father and myself, it goes back to the days when I was an attache in the war department at Washington. Soon after it happened Colonel Millard's influence sent me in exile to the Dakotas in return. I had had your father's pleasant and peaceful berth in the hydrographic office changed to that of commandant here—or, rather, my mother had. Then circumstances, with which neither of us had to do, brought me here. Perhaps it was to make us watch each other, for our affairs is no secret in the war department. I sometimes think that when I'm retired for age I'll wave the half pay I am entitled to and write a book entitled, "The War Department Turned Inside Out." Some think that intrigue died with Catherine de Medici; from what I saw in the war department I judge she was merely a novice."

Just then an orderly appeared and saluted, then handed an official envelope to the lieutenant. It was stretching red tape pretty far, even for the garrison at San Anton, where it is known the starch of the army is stiffest. Lieutenant Harris tore upon the envelope and read: "You are directed to report at the garrison office before Colonel Millard at 8 o'clock this evening, this date." It was signed by the colonel's private secretary.

"The beginning of hostilities," he said with a wan smile, "I think I know what it means—perhaps you can guess, Bessie; but let us not mention it until it really happens. Come into the arbor again, where we can talk more freely. I imagine my footsteps will be dogged by spies since I have opened my batteries and declared war last night. Perhaps the colonel imagined that I would not see you after he forbade it last night. Fortunately, disobedience in this matter does not come within reach of the code of military offenses. You are the only one he can go to for redress—and I believe he fears you worse than he does the Indians." The two entered the arbor and were lost in the small talk with which lovers alone are interested.

When Colonel Millard received the mail he looked it through carefully before he took any of it under consideration. There seemed to be one document that interested him. It was franked by the war department, and was colored blue. He opened it at once, and then, turning to his secretary, dictated the letter which we have really already heard. He could see through a crack in the canvas his daughter and Lieutenant Harris engaged in conversation in the garden. He watched until he saw the order opened and read; he noted the smile which came over the young man's face, and then, savagely biting his goatee, he proceeded to his routine work.

For three administrations the colonel had been a figure in the social life of Washington. He had married shortly after his departure from West Point into one of those select dynasties whose drawing rooms that she would have been the real colonel at San Anton—and perhaps Colonel Millard had overheard it. There were also vague rumors about an attachment, which had entered and broken the peace of the home long before Mrs. Millard had died. But then the official gossip of the capital is less reliable than any other.

Six months after the colonel's departure the fact leaked out, through the wife of the secretary of war, it was said, that the real cause of the colonel's departure was due to another mysterious affair, between himself and young Lieutenant Harris of Ohio, whose influence in this administration, wherein the wishes of the Buckeye state prevailed, was powerful enough to have an officer of superior rank removed. It was further noted in confirmation of this theory that the colonel's successor came from Ohio. There was one more story, which has a place in this history. The mother of Lieutenant Harris was a widow of much beauty and great wealth. She possessed a fund of influence in official circles, and in her drawing room at Washington one would find, perhaps, what was the nearest thing to a salon of the French type in the time of Mme. de Stael. The colonel was a reigning favorite here, and the fact that his presence was an event of almost daily occurrence may have had something to do with his departure. At all events, there was certainly no hint of scandal, although it was gravely suggested that young Lieutenant Harris would like to have him removed, and again that Mrs. Harris was tired and had put up the scheme as the most delicate way of disposing of one who had become a bore. The remark that we have heard from the young lieutenant himself shows that he alone knew the real reason.

Two minutes before 8 o'clock that evening Colonel Millard entered the garrison office, seated himself at his desk, and selected a blue envelope from a pigeonhole. Just as the garrison clock was striking Lieutenant Harris stood before him and raised his hand in salute. This returned, the colonel cleared his throat and said: "I have received by special post from Washington the order from the war department directing me to order your removal to Fort Dawson, Montana. This is a new garrison, recently organized, at a spot where it is feared there may some time be a good deal of trouble with the Indians. They need a good officer to put them in form, and I can heartily commend the wisdom of the war department in making this choice. I have only to add, Lieutenant Harris, that the fact of our unpleasant conversation last evening, as it is plain to see, has had nothing to do with this matter. I only received the order this afternoon. Officers in the army ought to be regarded as above such business, but," he added, with a sarcastic twist at his mouth, "the facts teach us they are not always, so I feel compelled in self-protection to make this statement. You are to appear at Fort Dawson for duty on the 20 inst." The exchange of salutes ended this conversation, which was entirely in accord with the strictest military discipline, and Lieutenant Harris retired without a word.

As he appeared there was a fluttering of skirts in the region of the arbor, toward which he directed his steps.

"What we did not care to express has come to pass, Bessie," Lieutenant Harris began. "I am ordered to Fort Dawson, in the deserts of Montana. I would like to know what my blessed mother is doing in Washington these precious days, to allow this to happen. I did not mind being removed, but to be hung up to dry in the arid desolation of Montana fills me with rebellion against the republic."

"This is papa's work," she declared. "He evidently knew you loved me before I did. You should have spoken sooner, Harold. Last night was too late. The mine was laid long ago. I certainly should feel gratified to know that I have such a watchful parent!"

The lovers talked on through the evening undisturbed. The colonel made no effort to intervene. What would be the good? The young lieutenant would be away in a few days. Then it would be a good time to renew his usually close parental espionage.

When Bessie came in to kiss her father good night, as she had done since her earliest childhood, she said in an off-hand manner as she stroked his cheek: "So, papa, you are going to send Lieutenant Harold Harris to Montana to either shoot the Indians or be shot by them?"

"Those were partly the directions which I received from the war department today," he answered.

"Now, papa, don't think that you can fool me," she said sternly, shaking her finger; "remember mamma—and Grandfather Haworth."

The colonel colored perceptibly under his tan, and returned to his paper. The slight tinge of color had told the story to the daughter, as some of the colonel's doings in Washington had become known to her talented mother.

When Lieutenant Harris returned to his quarters that evening he sat long at his desk, writing letters, the longest being addressed to his mother, from which we extract the following:

"These are 'piping times of peace,' indeed! That is, as far as actual warfare is concerned. But I would prefer the bloodiest battles in history to the mean, sneaking intrigue of the officials in the army and the war department. As a result of this unhappy state of affairs I am ordered to Fort Dawson, Mont., where I shall act as a pioneer of civilization to a desert! It is strange that this should come, just as I had asked Bessie Millard to be my wife and received her 'yes,' making me the happiest man alive. Colonel Millard, as I think you have reason to know, is a man of very close observation. He has spent most of his life studying the social match-making of the capital. He apparently noticed that Bessie and I were becoming strong friends. Experience has taught me that man loves revenge more dearly than he loves his life, and will die for it as quickly as he will for his country. I am well aware that there can be no personal objection to my marrying Bessie, and I fully expect to do so. Now I see how the colonel has made two strokes by this act of his; he has paid me back for having him retired from Washington, a fact which you are not learning for the first time! and also saving both you and him from a situation which would have made you happy, perhaps, but would have made me blush. Some years have passed since that time. I am now in love myself. I can not bear the idea of remaining long in Montana. Now, mother, in spite of all, we have been mother and son for all my lifetime. To this little social war within the army you alone hold the key. You alone can make the colonel surrender. You alone can make me happy."

Six months later the Army and Navy Journal announced "the return of Colonel Alexander Millard to his old place in the hydrographic bureau, where his admirable service during the three administrations he remained a fixture there, is well remembered." Even influence in army circles moves slowly; nothing but war goes with a quickstep. When Lieutenant Harris read this his brow lighted with hope. That night he wrote to Bessie.

"The end is coming, dearest. My mother's hand is beginning to work. Prepare to lay down your arms. You will soon know the secret of that which I mentioned to you in the arbor last summer. The colonel and I are placed in a queer position. But don't fail to tell Colonel Millard that I give him my warmest congratulations on his return to the more salubrious climate of Washington. And listen softly, my love—for he will soon tell you something that will spell 'Y-e-s.'"

Two months later Colonel Millard, lingering in the salon over which Mrs. Harris presided, found much to his delight that he had that fascinating woman to himself. The colonel was swift in coming to the point.

"Have you heard from Harold recently, Mrs. Harris?" he asked. "I was sincerely sorry to be obliged to hand him his summons to Montana."

"We'd better talk plainly about this matter, colonel," Mrs. Harris began. "In the first place let me ask how it

This is one of the most attractive models issued of the popular cherry trimmed hat. The frame is a soft pearl grey toque, dressed with pastel green ribbon and clusters of scarlet and black cherries.

CONCERNING NOSEBLEED.

Facts That Are Useful to Know About a Common Affliction.

(Medical Journal.)

Nosebleed is so common in childhood that little account is ordinarily made of it. Where it occurs repeatedly without apparent provocation, however, effort should be made not only to check the immediate attack, but to ascertain the cause of the trouble. It is well known that heart disease, congestion of the liver, and other conditions affected by or affecting the circulation of the blood predispose to nosebleed, and considerable anxiety is frequently felt lest the nosebleed of childhood may be the result of serious constitutional causes. Most commonly the cause is local.

The best means of checking the immediate attack is pressure with the finger on the upper lip, just beneath the nostrils. A small pad of absorbent cotton or a piece of handkerchief may be placed inside the lip and tightly pressed against the gum from without, thus compressing the two small arteries of the upper lip that supply the nose. These can be ordinarily felt pulsating in this locality.

If the bleeding is profuse or prolonged, the child should be placed in a restful position, but with the head elevated, while ice may be held to the forehead or the back of the neck. To decrease still further the blood pressure within the vessels of the nose, a mustard footbath is of service.

In the meantime, blowing the nose must be avoided. Plugging the nostrils both in front and back is a last resort to keep the sufferer from actual peril.

The predisposing causes of nosebleed are, as has been said, commonly local. Careful examination of the nose by the physician is, therefore, always necessary in recurrent attacks. Diseased areas in the nose are usually found, in which the vessels are spongy and unnaturally turgid.

The depression of the child's health caused by repeated attacks of nosebleed not infrequently requires attention. If the trouble is due to systematic weakness, attention is to be especially directed to an improvement of the general condition; while if the lungs are themselves weak, repeated attacks of nosebleed are sometimes indications of the need of a change of climate or of proper physical exercises at home.

The formation of scabs or crusts, often attended in childhood with picking of the nose, must not be overlooked as a cause of nosebleed. Watchfulness may be required to prevent the formation of an unfortunate habit, but the affected spots must also be treated with ointment or other simple means of healing.

A Pleasant Reminder.

(Washington Star.)

"I'm going to embroider your initial on a handkerchief case," said the young woman to Senator Sorghum. "I think 'S' is such a pretty letter."

"It is a pretty letter," replied the statesman. "It's about the best looking letter in the alphabet. Every time I look at it I half close my eyes and imagine I see two vertical lines running through the middle of it."

Get All the News.

(Baltimore American.)

"No," said the oldest inhabitant, "I don't s'pose a daily paper could do well here in Bowersville. You see, there's either a quilting bee, a sewing circle, a literary society or a sociable every night, an' when they don't happen the women folks goes to the milliner store or the dressmaker's."